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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXV.

"I will send the child to you in a cab on Wednesday," the woman said, as I rose and made my way towards the hall; "you have not told me your address."

I paused for a moment. Dared I tell her my address? Yet my money was paid, and if I did not, I should lose both it and the refuge I had bought with it. Besides I should awaken suspicion and inquiry by silence. It was a fearful risk to run; yet it seemed safer than a precipitous retreat. I gave her my address, and saw her write it down on a slip of paper.

In the afternoon the little girl arrived quite alone, except that a man had been hired to carry a small box for her, and to deliver her into my charge. This was a great relief to me, and I gladly paid the shilling he demanded. The child was thinly and shabbily dressed for our long journey, and there was a forlorn loneliness about her position, left thus with a stranger, which touched me to the heart. We were alike poor, helpless, friendless.

"I'm so glad!" she said with a deep-drawn sigh of relief; "I was afraid I should never go, and school is such a heavenly place!"

The words amused yet troubled me; they were so different from a child's ordinary opinion.

"It's such a hateful place at Mrs. Wilkinson's," she went on, "everybody calling me at once, and scolding me; and there are such a many people to run errands for."

"What is your name, my dear?" I asked, sitting down on my box and taking her on my lap. Such a thin, stunted little woman, precociously learned in trouble! Yet she nestled in my arms like a true child, and a tear or two rolled down her cheeks, as if from very contentment.

"Nobody has nursed me like this since mother died," she said. "I'm Mary; but father always called me Minima, because I was the least in the house. He kept a boys' school out of London, in Epping Forest, you know; and it was so heavenly! All the boys were good to me, and we used to call father Dominie. Then he died, and mother died just before him; and he said, 'Courage, Minima! God will take care of my little girl.' So the boys' fathers and mothers made a subscription for me, and they got a great deal of money, a hundred pounds; and somebody told them about this school, where I can stay four years for a hundred pounds, and they all said that was the best thing they could do with me. But I've had to stay with Mrs. Wilkinson nearly two months, because she could not find a governess to go with me. I hate her; I detest her; I should like to spit at her!"

"Hush! hush!" I said, drawing her head down upon my shoulder again.

"Then there is Mr. Foster," she continued, "he torments me so. He likes to make fun of me, and tease me, till I can't bear to go into his room. You'd hate Mr. Foster, and Mrs. Foster, if you only knew them."

"Why?" I asked in a whisper. My voice sounded husky to me, and my throat felt parched. The child's impotent rage and hatred struck a slumbering chord within me.

"Oh! they are horrid in every way," she said; "they frighten me. He is fond of tormenting anything, because he's cruel. But they are very poor—poor as Job, Mrs. Wilkinson says, and I'm glad. Aren't you glad?"

The question jarred in my memory against a passionate craving after revenge, which had died away in the quiet and tranquility of Sark. Ought I to do anything for him? Was there anything I could do to help him?

"He is ill, too," pursued the child; "I heard him say once to Mrs. Foster, he knew he should die like a dog."

Ill! dead! My heart beat faster and faster as I pondered over these words. Then I should be free indeed; his death would release me from bondage, from terror, from poverty—those three evils which dogged my steps. I had never ventured to let my thoughts run that way, but this child's prattling had now forced them into it. Richard Foster ill—dying! what ought I to do?

There was one thing only that I could do, only one little sacrifice I could make for him whom I had vowed, in childish ignorance, to love, honor and cherish in sickness and in health, until death parted us. A home was secured to me for twelve months. I had enough money still to last me until then. My diamond ring, which had been his own gift to me on our wedding day, would be valuable to him. Sixty pounds would be a help to him. I set the child gently away from me, and wrote my last letter to my husband. Both the letter and the ring I enclosed in a little box.

A great thump against the door brought a host of fears upon me. But before I could stir, the insecure handle gave way, and no one more formidable appeared than the landlady of the house, carrying before her a tray on which was set out a sumptuous tea, consisting of buttered crumpets and shrimps. She put it down on my dressing table and stood surveying it and us with an expression of benign exultation.

"Those as are going into foring parts," she said, "ought to get a good English meal afore they start. And this, my master says, is a testimonial to you."

I could hardly control my laughter, and I could not keep back the tears. It was a long time now since any one had shown me so much kindness and sympathy as this. The dull face of the good woman was brightened by her kind-hearted feeling, and instead of thanking her I put my lips to her cheek.

The next morning found us in France. From Honfleur to Falaise warm, genial sunshine filled the air. The slowly moving train carried us through woods where the autumn seemed but a few days old. We passed through miles upon miles of orchards, beneath which lay huge pyramids of apples. Truck-loads of them stood at every station. The air was scented by them. Children were pelting one another with them. It was almost like going into a new world, and I breathed more freely the farther we traveled down into the interior. At Falaise we exchanged the train for a small omnibus, which bore the name "Noireau" conspicuously on its door. At length we started off on the last stage of our journey.

Finally our omnibus was jolting and rumbling down some steep and narrow streets, lighted by oil lamps swung across them. Only at the inn where we stopped was there anything like life. I woke up Minima from her deep and heavy sleep.

"We are here at Noireau!" I said. "We have reached our home at last!"

The door was opened before the child was fairly awake. A small cluster of bystanders gathered round us as we alighted, and watched our luggage put down from the roof. Minima was leaning against me, half asleep. A narrow vista of tall houses lay to the right and left, lost in impenetrable darkness. The strip of sky overhead was black with midnight.

"Noireau?" I asked in a tone of interrogation.

"Yes, madame," responded a chorus of voices.

"Carry me to the house of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat," I said, speaking slowly and distinctly.

The words, simple as they were, seemed to awaken considerable excitement. The landlady threw up her hands, with an expression of astonishment. Was it possible that I could have made a mistake in so short and easy a sentence? I said it over again to myself, and felt sure I was right. With renewed confidence I repeated it aloud, with a slight variation.

"MADAME UNLOCKED THE DOOR."

"I wish to go to the house of Monsieur Emile Parrier, the avocat," I said.

But whilst they still clustered round Minima and me, giving no sign of compliance with my request, two persons thrust themselves through the circle. The one was a man, in a threadbare brown great coat, with a large woolen comforter wound several times about his neck; and the other a woman, in an equally shabby dress, who spoke to me in broken English.

"Mees, I am Madame Perrier, and this is my husband," she said; "come on. The letter was here only an hour ago; but all is ready. Come on; come on."

She put her hand through my arm, and took hold of Minima's hand, as if claiming both of us. A dead silence had fallen upon the little crowd, as if they were trying to catch the meaning of the English words. But as she pushed on, leading us both, a titter for the first time ran from lip to lip. I glanced back, and saw Monsieur Perrier, the avocat, hurriedly putting our luggage on a wheelbarrow, and preparing to follow us with it along the dark street.

I was too bewildered yet to feel any astonishment. We were in France, in a remote part of France, and I did not know what Frenchmen would or would not do. We stopped at last opposite the large, handsome house, which stood in the front, in the photograph I had seen in London.

"It is midnight nearly," said Madame Perrier, as we came to a standstill and waited for her husband, the avocat.

He passed through the garden gate and disappeared round the corner of the house, walking softly, as if careful not to disturb the household. At last we reappeared round the corner, carrying a candle, which flickered in the wind. Not a word was spoken by him or his wife as the latter conducted us towards him. We were to enter by the back door, that was evident. She led us into a dimly lighted room, where I could just make out what appeared to be a carpenter's bench, with a heap of wood shavings lying under it.

"It is a leetle cabinet work of my husband," said Madame Perrier; "our chamber is above, and the chamber for you and leetle mees is there also. But the school is not there. Come on, mees."

We went down the broad gravel walk, with the pretty garden at the side of us, where a fountain was tinkling and splashing busily in the quiet night. But we passed the front of the house behind it without stopping at the door. Madame led us through a cart shed into a low, long, vaulted passage, with doors opening on each side; a black, villainous looking place, with the feeble, flickering light of the candle throwing on to the damp walls a sinister gleam. Minima pressed very close to me, and I felt a strange quiver of apprehension; but the thought that there was no escape from it, and no help at hand, nerved me to follow quietly to the end.

The end brought us out into a mean, poor street, narrow even where the best streets were narrow. A small house stood before us; and madame unlocked the door. We were conducted into a small kitchen. There was an oil lamp here. Madame's face was illuminated by it. There was not a trace of refinement or culture about her, not even the proverbial taste of a Frenchwoman in dress. The kitchen was a picture of squalid dirt and neglect. The few cooking utensils were scattered about in disorder. The stove before which we sat was rusty. Could I be dreaming of this filthy dwelling and this slovenly woman? No; it was all too real for me to doubt their existence for an instant.

She was pouring out some cold tea into two little cups, when Monsieur Perrier made his appearance, his face begrimed and his shaggy hair uncombed. He stood in the doorway, rubbing his hands, and gazing at us unflinchingly with the hard stare of a Norman peasant, whilst he spoke in rapid, uncouth tones to his wife. I turned away my head, and shut my eyes to this unwelcome sight.

"Eat, mees," said the woman, bringing us our food. "There is tea. We give our pupils and instructresses tea for supper at six o'clock; after that there is no more to eat."

We had the same vaulted passage and cart shed to traverse on our way back to the other house. There we were ushered into a room containing only two beds and our two boxes. I helped Minima to undress, and tucked her up in bed. She put her arm round my neck, and drew down my head to whisper cautiously into my ear.

"They're cheats," she said earnestly, "dreadful cheats. This isn't a splendid place at all. Oh! whatever shall I do? Shall I have to stay here four years?"

"Hush, Minima!" I answered. "Perhaps it is better than we think now. We are tired. To-morrow we shall see the place better, and it may be splendid after all. Kiss me, and go to sleep."

I was awakened, while it was yet quite dark, by the sound of a carpenter's tool in the room below me. Almost immediately a loud knock came at my door, and the harsh voice of madame called to us.

"Get up, mees, get up, and come on," she said, "to the school. Come on, quick!"

The air was raw and foggy when we turned out of doors, and it was so dark still that we could scarcely discern the outline of the walls and houses. The school, madame informed me, was registered in the name of her head governess, not in her own; and as the laws of France prohibited any man dwelling under the same roof with a school of girls, except the husband of the proprietor, they were compelled to rent two dwellings.

"How many pupils have you, madame?" I inquired.

"We have six, mees," she replied. "They are here; see them."

We had reached the house, and she opened the door of a long, low room. There was an open hearth, with a few logs of green wood upon it. A table ran almost the whole length of the room, with forms on each side. A high chair or two stood about. All was comfortless, dreary and squalid.

But the girls who were sitting on the hard benches by the table were still more squalid and dreary looking. Their faces were pinched, and just now blue with cold, and their hands were swollen and red with chilblains. They had a cowed and frightened expression, and peeped askance at us as we went in behind madame.

"Three are English," said madame, "and three are French."

She rapped one of the swollen hands which lay upon the table, and the girl dropped it out of sight upon her lap, with a frightened glance at the woman. Minima's fingers tightened upon mine. The head governess, a Frenchwoman of about thirty, was now introduced to me.

Breakfast was being brought in by one of the pupils. It consisted of a teacupful of coffee at the bottom of a big basin, which was placed before each of us, a large tablespoon to feed ourselves with, and a heaped plateful of hunches of bread. I sat down with the rest at the long table, and ate my food, with a sinking and sorrowful heart.

As soon as madame was gone, Minima flung her arms around me and hid her face in my bosom.

"Oh!" she cried, "don't you leave me; don't forsake me! I have to stay here four years, and it will kill me. I shall die if you go away and leave me."

"We must make the best of it, Minima," I whispered to the child, through the hum of lessons. Her shrewd little face brightened with a smile that smoothed all the wrinkles out of it.

"That's what father said!" she cried; "he said, 'Courage, Minima. God will take care of my little daughter.' God has sent you to take care of me. Suppose I'd come all the way alone, and found it such a horrid place!"

(To be continued.)

Servant Girls in Germany.

The growing demand for women in the factories of Germany is bringing the servant-girl problem more and more to the front.

Better a prudent enemy than a friend without discretion.

The Surprise Party.

One day Janey's mother said: "Every one is always giving dear Janey beautiful presents, and planning nice times for Janey. I do wish my Janey would be more thoughtful and kind to others!"

And Janey looked up at her mamma, and smiled and said, "Dear, precious mamma, I will plan a beautiful surprise for Josie and Joe."

And mamma said: "That is right, you lovable child. I want you to think of pleasant surprises for Josey and Joe."

And dear little Janey ran out into the daisy field, and she said to the daisies: 'Oh, tell me what shall I do, little daisies! Help me to plan a beautiful, wonderful surprise for Josey and Joe."

And the daisies whispered to Janey. (Janey pretended the daisies could whisper!) And she smiled and nodded her hands, and said, "All right, you sweet, little daisies, I hear what you said; and I will. This very same day I'll have a beautiful party for Josey and Joe."

And just at that minute Janey saw Aunt Susan Mehetible's carriage coming along the road by the daisy field.

And Aunt Susan Mehetible called,

"WHAT SHALL I DO, LITTLE DAISIES?"

"Oh, Janey, precious Janey, come here, and give me one sweet kiss."

And Janey ran out, and climbed into Aunt Susan Mehetible's carriage, and gave her one sweet kiss. And she said, "Oh, Aunt Susan Mehetible, dear, I am going to have a beautiful surprise party for Josey and Joe this afternoon, but you mustn't tell any one."

And Aunt Susan Mehetible hugged Janey close in her arms, and said: "I will not tell any one, precious Janey. And who are you going to ask to come to the party?"

And Janey said, "Oh, dear Arabella and dear Araminta, and you, you, Aunt Susan Mehetible, I want you to come, too."

And Aunt Mehetible said, "You darling! I will be delighted to come to your party."

And Janey said, "This party is for Josey and Joe, and not for me at all."

And Janey rode in Aunt Susan Mehetible's splendid carriage down to the big stone house where Arabella and Araminta lived, and asked them to come to the party.

And Arabella clapped her hands, and said: "Oh, goody! goody! A party! Yes, I'll come to the party, Janey!"

And then they went home. And Janey ran out into the kitchen and said: "Oh, good Queen Ann, we are going to have a beautiful surprise party this afternoon for Josey and Joe; and I want you to make caramel cake and pink ice cream and raspberry tarts and thimble cookies."

And good Queen Ann held up both her hands, and said: "My goodness me! Miss Janey, have you asked your precious mamma if you can have a party?"

And Janey said: "No, it is a surprise party; and you musn't tell any one, Queen Ann!"

And Queen Ann held up both her hands, and said: "My goodness me, Miss Janey! Caramel cake and pink ice cream and raspberry tarts and thimble cookies will cost your mother a great deal of money!"

And Janey said: "I've taken the money all out of my little red bank, and put it in mamma's purse to pay for the party."

And good Queen Ann caught Janey up into her arms, and hugged her close, and said: "You are the cleverest, sweetest, dearest child only 6 years old I ever saw, Miss Janey, love!"

And that afternoon Josey and Joe were playing out in the yard; and all at once they heard some one laughing, and all at once they heard some one saying: "We've come to the party, Josey; we've come to the party, Joe."

And there was Arabella, and there was Araminta, dancing along the garden walk.

And oh, but Josey and Joe did look surprised. They opened their eyes very wide, and said, "Why, there isn't a party at our house to-day!"

And Janey came running out of the house, and said: "Yes, there is a party, a beautiful surprise party, out under the apple-trees."

And oh, but Josey and Joe opened their eyes with surprise when they saw the caramel cake and the pink ice cream and the raspberry tarts and the thimble cookies.

And Aunt Susan Mehetible and precious mamma came out to the party, too; and they all had a splendid time.

And that night, when Janey went to bed, her mamma took her upon her lap and hugged her close, and said, "O Janey, you lovable child! You opened your little red bank and gave all your pennies to pay for the party, didn't you, dear?"

And Janey said: "Wasn't it a beautiful surprise? Oh, how little Joe opened his eyes when he saw the raspberry tarts!"—Little Folks.

Two Mammas.

In leafy shade of the elm trees
I sat in the park one day,
And fed the squirrels gray with nuts,
And watched their frisky play;

When tip-toeing over the gravel
There came close to my side
A tiny maid to see the fun—
Her blue eyes opened wide.

Her name, she said, was Bonny Belle,
And she was five years old;
And then she took my peanut bag
And fed the bunnies bold.

"How many sisters have you, Belle?"
Her smile was sweet to see—
She smoothed her apron, shook her head:
"No sisters—only me.

"But I've a papa at our house,
A parrot, Greenie Poll,
A baby brother who can't walk,
Two mammas and a doll."

"Two mammas," and I laughed outright;
"Why, you must be in fun,
You may have brothers half a score
But mothers, only one."

"I'm not a bit in fun," she said
And shook her bright curls loose,
"My mamma's one, and then, of course,
There's dear old Mother Goose!"

A Modern Boy's Answer.

After the Sunday-school teacher had finished reading the lesson which told of Pharaoh making Joseph's brothers rulers over many cattle she said: "Now, Johnny, can you tell me what Pharaoh did for Joseph's brothers?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny, "he made cowboys of 'em."

Kitty Was Diplomatic.

A visitor asked 3-year-old Mabel which she loved best, her kitten or her doll.

After a moment's hesitation Mabel whispered in the ear of the questioner: "I think I love my kitty best, but please don't tell dolly."

The Offer He Wanted.

"What can I offer that will induce you to go to bed?" asked a fond mother of her precocious 4-year-old son.

"Well," replied the youngster, "you might offer to let me sit up a little longer."

A Surprised Youth.

A youthful war correspondent walked into Col. MacArthur's tent one day, and after some preliminary remarks asked:

"Colonel, what is the best place for a correspondent to hang out when the lead is flying?"

"Hard question," replied Col. MacArthur. "When I was in the Civil War, during the battle of Missionary Ridge——"

"What! you were not here then, surely," exclaimed the young correspondent. "Why, there is not a gray hair in your head!"

"I was a second lieutenant way back in those times," continued Col. MacArthur, "and right out there on the stump of a tree you see on that hilltop I remember Joe McCullagh stood, pencil and paper in hand, and shot and shell flying around him. He stood there for several hours and saw hundreds of men fall before the fire, but he remained uninjured and had a good story of the fight in his paper and more of the names of the dead and wounded than any other correspondent.

"About half a mile away in that old stone house on the opposite hill, another and a less lucky correspondent was viewing the fight out of a window. A bullet hit him straight in the forehead and he dropped dead. That's a pointer for you. The best place for a correspondent is in the middle of the trouble."

Next week the young correspondent went away to Cuba, and he took MacArthur's advice with him.—Detroit Journal.

The Cyclist's Crowning Trick.

The Austrian Tourists' Club publishes a comical story in its paper. A sort of goose fair was being held a few days ago in St. George, at the Ammersee Brewery, attended by many persons living in the adjacent villages and hamlets.

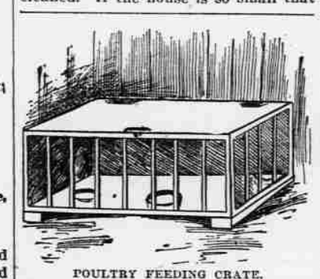
A cyclist passing by dismounted to join the merry skittle players. His jokes and gayety delighted everybody. He won two geese, which he presented to the company for dinner. He also performed some artistic turns upon his cycle which provoked loud applause. He then proposed to show the party his master trick, a conjuring feat in la Bosco, and requested one of the company to lend him a hat, which he passed round, begging the loan of watches, rings, purses, chains and knives. These offerings were liberally contributed by the confiding countrymen, and then he rode about two hundred yards away and manipulated something unseen with the hat.

Returning at a great pace, he emptied a shower of fine sand into the upturned faces of the crowd, threw the empty hat at them and left at full speed with the valuables.

A woman always feels queer when she introduces her husband to another man who might have occupied that position had he only proposed.

Feeding and Watering Fowls.

Where there is a scratching shed connected with the poultry-house, all of the feeding should be done there. If, however, this valuable addition can not be had, and the feeding and watering must be done in the roosting room, some provision should be made so that the food will be neither wasted or soiled by the fowls, says the Indianapolis News. Crates are inexpensive, and are readily constructed of light material. The slats should be of smooth lumber and placed so that the fowls can get their heads in and out without difficulty. They should be open in front and on both sides. If placed against the walls of the house, or, if set in the open space, they should be open on both sides and both ends. Each crate should have a solid floor of boards and a hinged top, so that the pans of food and water may be placed in position with little trouble, and the crates be readily cleaned. If the house is so small that



POULTRY FEEDING CRATE.

these crates can not be a fixture in it, they may be placed in position at feeding time and removed later.

Filoing Sugar Beets.

It is the custom in some localities to haul sugar beets to the factory if possible when harvested, and if it is not possible to do this they are gathered and placed in long ricks or piles on the surface of the ground. The base of these ricks or piles is from 3 to 3½ feet, with a height of 3 to 4 feet, tapering toward the top. Along each side of these ricks several furrows are run with a stirring plow in order to loosen the dirt. The ricks are then completely covered with this dirt by the aid of shovels. This covering is put on to the depth of about 6 inches, occasionally air spaces or ventilators being left on the tops of the ricks, which are usually made by the use of tiling or small elongated wooden boxes or simply straw, the purpose being to prevent fermentation.

Storing the beets in this way is called siloing, and the ricks or piles are called silos. In case severe cold weather comes on, these silos are covered with straw manure, straw or something of that sort, and then an additional amount is thrown on the straw covering. In this way it has been found that the beets will keep in very good condition until the last of January if necessary.

Using Lime Intelligently.

The testimony on the part of farmers to use lime without much regard to the condition of the soil is wrong. Where the soil is plainly acid in character as shown by tests with blue litmus paper the use of lime, in quantities sufficient to reduce the acidity of the soil, is advocated, but its continued use year after year is not in the line of progressive agriculture unless the crops are such as to demand lime in greater or less quantities during the season. Of course, this can only be known by actual tests, for while in one soil currants, barley, oats, onions and other plants, which are benefited by the application of lime in a general way, will respond freely to the lime treatment, in other soils they would not be benefited, but might be injured. The blue litmus paper test referred to consists in placing a small piece of blue litmus paper, obtainable at any drug store, in a crack in the soil made by the blade of a spade and leaving it there for twenty-four hours; if the soil is acid and needs lime the paper will turn red. This should be the general guide in the use of lime on farms where a miscellaneous lot of crops are grown.—Indianapolis News.

Weights for Barn Use.

Frequently the farmer wishes to feed a given weight of this, that or the other stuff and has no scales at hand to weigh it. If he has a quart measure handly, he can use it to measure out the required weight. The quart weight of various feeds is as follows:

Cottonseed meal, 1.5 pounds; linseed meal, old process, 1.1 pounds; gluten meal, 1.7 pounds; gluten feed, 1.2 pounds; wheat bran, coarse, .5 pound; wheat middlings, coarse, .8 pound, and fine, 1.1 pounds; mixed wheat feed, .6 pound; cornmeal, 1.5 pounds; oats, 1.2 pounds; rye bran, .6 pound; H. O. dairy feed, .7 pound, and Victor corn feed, .7 pound per quart. These weights are worked out by the Connecticut experiment station. With these equivalents at hand the feedman may know where he is at when he desires to feed by weight.

Cannibalism Among Swine.

In nine cases out of ten where sows kill and eat their young the trouble is due entirely to improper feeding, and it will be generally found that such sows are fed on a corn diet almost exclusively. The brood sow needs protein before and while she is nursing the pigs. During the period when the brood sow is on the range she should have an abundance of green food and in some variety, rape especially being good for her. The grain foods should be bran, peas, oats, and little or no corn, and when confined she should have plenty of clover hay to take the place of the green food of the summer. Aside from the danger of the sow eating the young, the corn diet is too heavy, nearly always exciting a feverish condition bad for both the sow and the pigs.—Exchange.

Preserving Eggs.

Numerous methods of preserving eggs are in use, says Field and Farm. The idea of all of them is to keep out the air so that oxygen decay may be arrested for a considerable length of time, especially if the eggs are perfectly fresh at the start and are kept in a cool, dark place. The standard method most used by speculators and dealers is to put eggs in lime water. The process is as follows, this recipe having been widely sold at $5 under pledge of secrecy. Take two gallons of water, twelve pounds of unslaked lime and four pounds of salt, or in that proportion, according to the quantity of eggs to be preserved. Stir several times daily and then let stand until the liquid has settled and is perfectly clear. Draw or carefully dip off the clear liquid; leaving the sediment at the bottom. Take five ounces each of baking soda, cream of tartar, saltpeter and an ounce of alum. Pulverize and mix these and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water and add to the mixture twenty gallons of pure lime water. This will about fill a cider barrel. Put the eggs in carefully so as not to crack any of the shells, letting the water always stand an inch above the eggs, which can be done by placing a barrel head a little smaller upon them and weighting it. This amount of liquid will preserve 150 dozen eggs. It is not necessary to wait to get a full barrel or smaller package of eggs, but can be put in at any time if fresh. The same liquid should be used only once.

Changing Milkers.

What effect does a change of milkers have on the yield of cows? This depends both on the cows and on the milkers. A comparison of the daily average of nine cows was recently made in the Kansas Agricultural College; the average yield both before and after a change of milkers showed that there was practically no difference. In both cases only one out of the three regular milkers was changed. At election time last November all the regular milkers were absent from three to seven milkings, and the regular routine of work was of course more broken up than if only one milker had changed The total yield for the herd was considerably less for this period, and the yield in individual cases dropped nearly one-half in seven milkings. The more nervous the cows the more they were affected. A continual change of milkers would mean more or less irregularity in the manner of handling the herd, and is not advisable. Again, good milkers are scarce, and the change is likely to produce a poorer for the better hand.

For Freeby Bulls.

Herewith is produced an illustration of a device copied from a sketch presented in a leading agricultural paper in Australia. The device is thus described: "A block of wood is screwed on to each horn and a wire stretched from block to block and also to the nose ring, as shown. So long as there is no pressure on the wires between the ring and the horns the nose ring is simply held upward without any discomfort to the animal. Should the bull rush any other animal or attempt to get through any fence the pressure pulls the nose ring upward, causing considerable pain. It requires very few experiences to teach the animal that any misbehavior on his part is attended by suffering to himself. One prominent breeder says even the fiercest of bulls is quickly tamed by his device.

Dairy Cleaning.

Those people who consider milking irksome will never make good dairymen.

It is not always the man with the biggest herd of cows who clears the most money from his dairy.

Gilt-edged butter is more to be desired on the average customer's plate than any delicacy of the season.

The dairy woman who churns before "sun up" in the morning often makes firm-grained butter without the use of ice.

The reason some farmers never extract the latent gold in dairy cows is that they persist in looking to the grain and corn fields for it.

It is a parody on cleanliness to try to strain filth out of milk when it might have been obviated by the exercise of the most ordinary precautions.

Despite all of the laws to the contrary, skimmed cheese is yet sold for "full cream," and oleomargarine for real butter. Where is the remedy?

While it pays to raise good hogs in conjunction with the dairy, it never has or never will pay the manufactory to keep the swine quartered near a cheese factory or creamery.—Exchange.